

He discovered he was not a writer
He simply wanted to be around it
& near it
& in it
but he did not have IT in him
& when she finally died
he was the one Lost

A NICE VIETNAM WAR STORY

One night, Dad and his buddy were playing outside the Enlisted Men's Club. Dad had a regular following among the men. He was the entertainment the 364 nights out of the year that Bob Hope was not there. That night the Commander brought by a visiting General to show him what a great time they were all having. Dad had the men singing and clapping and the Commander said to the General, "The men really know how to have a good time, it's not so bad." And the General smiled and the enlisted men smiled back, but then the General's smile vanished as he caught Dad's words. The Commander grabbed the General by the sleeve and quickly led him away to the Officer's Club, where the drinks were stronger, the men better paid and, it could be assumed, the morale was higher. The song Dad was singing that night in South Vietnam was, "If I Were Free."

— Patrick Fealey

Warwick RI

SONNET FOR CHRISTINE

There are two ways of walking through a doorway.
Directly, one foot in front of the other, or my way.
I stand with my back to it, and, eventually,
start walking the other way. I keep walking,
stopping for food and to sleep,
until I reach the edge of the continent.
I search for food, and build myself a raft.
I cross the ocean, and the next continent,
and the next ocean, all the time believing
the earth is round. I am changed by travel and time
when I return, and finally see the doorway
from the other side. I walk through it,
one foot in front of the other,
and turn around, directly, and walk through it again.